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state his thoughts simply and illustrate them attractively, his book might cause a profound sensation throughout the more intelligent portion of the reading community. As it is, it will only succeed in gaining the attention of the thoughtful, conscientious few, who will not shrink from its rather hard and abstruse style. It ought, however, to command the attention of these. It deserves to be carefully read and deeply pondered; for it is a well-considered and powerful attempt to reinstate Philosophy on its ancient spiritual throne, and restore to it its supremacy over the minds and the lives of men.

11. — *America and her Commentators. With a Critical Sketch of Travel in the United States.* By HENRY T. TUCKERMAN. New York: Charles Scribner. 1864. 8vo. pp. viii., 460.

Two centuries ago this volume would have borne the title, "America's Looking-Glasse, wherein she may behold her trew Image livelie projected." Here something like the wish of Burns is accomplished; and if we are not exactly permitted to see ourselves as others see us, we have at least the privilege of finding out how they wish us to be seen. It is very natural, perhaps, to be interested in what other people think of us, but we are not so sure that it is always very desirable. If we contrive to *be* something, we can afford to be perfectly easy as to what conclusion the world will come to about us, and one of the main impediments to our becoming our natural selves is that uneasy consciousness which is as great a fault in national as in individual character. So soon as we are really great, one of its first symptoms will be the ceasing to be jealous of our greatness on all occasions. It is only quackery that advertises in capitals and needs certificates a column long. We have generally found the purest, and in many respects the best, types of Americanism among backwoodsmen, who knew nothing, and, if they had, would have cared nothing, about European criticism. When America becomes what she ought to be, and what she will be when this war ends in the triumph of her vital principle, her opinion will be of vastly more consequence to the Old World than that of the Old World to her. As for comments upon our conventional solecisms by men who come here without ever having seen good society at home, and go away without having been admitted to it here, they do not greatly disturb us. What *does* disturb us rather is the sensitiveness to such things, which shows that there are those among us who would be glad to import the social trumpery which it was our greatest blessing to have left behind us in crossing the sea. "Manners maketh man,"

was good William of Wickham's motto; but by manners he meant an inward and spiritual grace, and if we contrive to get that, the outward elegance will either follow or be of small account. Our errand is to develop manliness, and not the elegance of the *vieille cour*. Veneer is very good in its way, but it should have solid stuff under it. And, pray, would it be so very dreadful if we *did* have a fashion or two of our own? We trust the epoch has gone by when the respectability of the country could thrill with virtuous indignation at the odious charge of eating its eggs out of a glass, and for ourselves, we can bear even graver indictments with equanimity, after having seen that conclusive argument against democracy, the common comb and brush, in the vestibule of the *hoftheater* of one of the more considerable German courts.

Mr. Tuckerman's aim, he tells us, was the modest one of giving us a "critical bibliography" of his subject, including American as well as foreign critics, and he professes to have been guided in his extracts mainly by the rarity of the works cited. His standard of rarity strikes us as rather low, and he is disproportionately discursive on particular topics, such as Bishop Berkeley, for example, whose life, we should think, was as familiar as his observation of America was limited. Generally, indeed, the amount of disquisition is out of all proportion to the extracted matter. Mr. Tuckerman is industrious, but by no means exhausts the subject. There is no allusion to John Dunton, whose account of what he saw in Boston and its neighborhood toward the end of the seventeenth century is so lively and amusing. We hope in a future edition he will be a little more full about the German travellers of the last century. Mittelberger especially throws much light on the subject of "redemptioners" among others, as does also (in English) the "History of an Unfortunate Young Nobleman" (Mr. Annesley). For the New England of a hundred years ago, the "Life of Jacob Bailey" is the best book we know, and deserves a reference if nothing more. Mr. Tuckerman's *obiter dicta* are not remarkable for their accuracy, as where he tells us (p. 252) that "Waller and Cowley introduced the *conceitti* of the Italians into English verse, which in Elizabeth's reign was so pre-eminent for robust affluence." A writer, surely, need not go out of his way to convey misinformation. Nor do his estimates of the comparative value of different writers seem to us discriminating. We do not understand the principle of criticism which devotes more space to Timothy Flint and Fenno Hoffman than to Olmsted, whose works will hereafter rank with those of Arthur Young. We should prefer also an arrangement by topics, instead of the chronological one which Mr. Tuckerman has adopted. But, making every due exception, the book is both entertain-

ing and instructive, and is animated throughout with a wholesome and hearty, but at the same time intelligent patriotism. We would suggest to the author a supplementary volume, in which he should draw more amply from the sources he has pointed out, and give us a sort of commonplace book of American travel, arranged under the various heads of social, climatic, and ethnological characteristics, Indian captivities, and the like. But we will not look too narrowly into the mouth of a gift-horse with so many good qualities. We thank Mr. Tuckerman for the result of his industry, and especially for having enriched his book with an excellent Index, which makes it all that could be desired for reference.

12. — *Enoch Arden*, &c. By ALFRED TENNYSON, D. C. L., Poet-Laureate. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1864. pp. 204.

IF this volume had been published anonymously, it would have passed as the work of a clever imitator of Tennyson. The poet seems to have reached that point, which only the greatest escape, where the imitation of one's former self begins. We have the trick of versification and expression in a measure disproportionate to the amount of meaning. The greatest poets are inimitable because their manner is the manner of their thought, and not of the vehicle which conveys it. That Tennyson is so much of a mannerist helps us in assigning him his true rank as a poet, and that rank must be finally determined less by contemporary pre-eminence than by the valid superiority which rests on a comparison of wider compass and more permanent relations. Tennyson, it appears to us, belongs to the highest order of minor poets, and there is always danger with such, that as the inspiration recedes the shell of manner only will be left. No man ever carved a single image, or embodied a single sentiment, with more delicate elaboration. Catullus himself does not excel him in that delicious simplicity which is the highest result of art, and few even of the greatest poets have equalled him in the truth and beauty of his descriptive epithets; but perfect as his smaller pieces confessedly are, his longer poems show a lack of continuity and grasp, and are rather successions of beautiful fragments than organic wholes. His range is exclusively that of the sentiments. He carves in ivory, and illuminates on vellum. Among contemporaries, we think Browning his superior in power of conception, Clough in depth and variety of thought; but in *tone* he has no equal. There are many salient verses, decuman waves of expression, many exquisite felicities of phrase in this volume, but, compared with "*Maud*," the greater part of it is poet-laureatry rather than poetry.